DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Go Up Head.

A mighty hush is o'er the land,
That's different to the reg'lar rule;
A stillness reigns on every hand,
The boys and girls are all at school,
There is no shouting in the yard,
They have their books and slates instead,
And every one is trying hard
To get up head.

Hark! "I love, thou lovest, he loves!"
What sweet familiar words are they!
Work hard! old Time relentless shoves
To-day far into yesterday.
Work hard, my lad—the reason why,
You soon will have to earn your bread,
And so it's worth your while to try
To get up head.

There's splendid prizes to be won,
They're every one in sight to-day!
There's splendid deeds that must be done,
You wish to do them? Then you may!
The solemn bench with judges ermined,
Wreaths to fit your clever head,
Go to work and be determined
To get up head.

"Three and three is six and three's mine,"
Good my little kindergartner,
Good, thou little friend of mine,
Fortune has thee for a partner.
Toddle home now with your brother,
And before you're washed and fed,
Go and tell your happy mother,
"I dot up head."

—*The Khan.*

PAUL NORTON'S STEAM TELEGRAPH

At the foot of the ridge of land called "Mount Holly," and right where still descending grade was steepest, a little railroad station was sleeping quietly in the sunshine of an autumn afternoon. It was an hour when no trains were scheduled to pass; but, on the siding opposite the station, stood a big mogul engine, "travel-light." She was on her way from Albany to Boston, on special call of the general superintendent, and had stopped at this little station of Belden's for orders. The engineer was in the station, talking with Paul Norton, the young telegraph operator. He had received his orders, which gave him a clear track to Pottersville. But he was in no hurry about pulling out, as he had an hour to make the run to Pottersville and the distance was only twenty miles.

Suddenly a low, rumbling sound was heard, which made Paul Norton and the engineer prick up their ears.

"What's that?" exclaimed the engineer. "Any train due about now?"

"No," replied the young telegraph operator. "The next train scheduled is the three o'clock northbound express, and I've no notice of any special.

"'Tisn't possible that we still hear the heavy freight that passed, going up the grade, just after I got on to the siding?" suggested the engineer.

"I don't see how it could be," answered Paul. "The rumble of that died away twenty minutes ago. Besides this sound is increasing all the time—hear?"

The engineer nodded. "Sure!" he said. "Growing louder all the time. Let's step outside."

The two went out on the station platform. The fireman of the mogul had a head out of the cab window. "Sounds like a train coming down the grade," he said. The sound was every moment growing louder. In a minute's time it had grown from a distant rumble into a roar.

"That sound is car wheels, sure as you live!" exclaimed the engineer.

Paul Norton, the young telegraph operator and station-master, looked pale and anxious. He was a mere boy, and this little Belden's station was his first engagement. He was not used to responsibility, and he had discovered that there was considerable of it in a position like this.

"You don't suppose I've failed to receive notice of a special?" he appealed to the man beside him.

"No!" cried the other, "That's a runaway! I know by the kind of a roar it makes." And he rushed off to the upper end of the switch, to make sure that it was looked firmly for an open track.

A runaway! The words fell with an almost paralyzing shock on Paul Norton's ears. That bolt of destruction, with miles of gleaming rails for a conductor—where would it finally deliver its death-dealing blow? It was the terror of railroad life which the boy had always dreaded most.

For an instant his heart stood still and his brain refused to act. Then his strong sense of duty overcame fear, and he sprang for his instrument. Just as he did so, he had a glimpse of the terror up the track—two flat cars, loaded with stone, roaring into sight through a cloud of dust! He remembered seeing them pass at the tail end of a long freight drawn by two locomotives that had gone panting up the grade nearly half an hour before. What had severed them from the rest of the train no one knew—perhaps a snapped link or link-pin. These two cars had been taken on, behind the caboose, at the granite quarry in Hardwick, below Pottersville. It was contrary to the rules, but perhaps there had been no time for a proper make-up of the train. At any rate, the two stone-loaded cars were running wild on a down-grade, and their path was the path of destruction.

Paul Norton sprang to his telegraph instrument and clutched the key. He called Pottersville rapidly and sharply, and waited with throbbing heart for the operator's signal to "go ahead." It did not come. Paul called again. Still no answer. It was a case of that fatal lapse from duty that occurs once in a while, even in a railroad office. An operator was "out for just a minute." There are so many dull minutes and so many dull hours, in a little, country railroad station, when the operator might be asleep, or gone fishing, and no harm come—and then there flashed into his life that one crisis, that single fatal moment when he failed to be at his post of duty, and upon his shoulders falls the responsibility for the crash of disaster.

"My God?" groaned Paul Norton as the station shook with the thunder of the passing flat cars.

"Richardson is out—and what shall I do?"

With lightning rapidity he ran over the situation in his mind. It would be too late to accomplish anything by calling up Hardick which was eight miles below Pottersville. The afternoon northbound express must have already left that station. Paul's plan had been to wire for an open at siding Pottersville, and derail the freight cars if possible by running them off the main track there. It had seemed to him the only way to save the express on the main line. Once past Pottersville, the runaway would be sure destruction to the express. There was some hope, however, of derailing them at the first siding. But that hope was dashed by the absence of the operator at Pottersvlle, from his post of duty. Was there any other way by which the express could be saved?

Ha! The mogul on the siding! She was standing there, steaming up, and ready to start on the instant. Why could she not overhaul the runaways and couple on to them?

No time for words or explanations. Paul Norton rushed from the station and sprang into the cab of the engine. His hand grasped the throttle, just as the engineer leaped in after him. "Hands off!" shouted the engineer.

"I see what you're up to! Let me run her!" The mogul glided out on the main track, snorted a few times, like a horse welcoming its freedom, and then shot down the long, straight stretch of track in pursuit of the runaway freight cars.

The latter had by this time gained a terrific momentum and were roaring down the grade like a whirlwind. Inch by inch the engineer of the mogul engine opened his throttle. Pound by pound the steam pressure piled up on the steam guage. Thirty, forty miles an hour said the speed-dial! "I'll make it sixty!" cried the engineer. "We are losing ground!"

A mile every sixty seconds—and yet not an inch of gain on the flying terror in front of them. All the while the fireman was steadily shoveling coal into the furnace, that roared like a storm and glowed like a bed of rubies. "Let her out! Give her the last pound!" cried Paul Norton. "Think of the express, man! We must catch up with those runaways! If you'll do it, I'll go out on the cowcatcher and make the coupling!"

"Well, there!" said the engineer, "there's the last pound. Young man do you see how she shakes her head?"

The great engine trembled, rocked and reeled as she tore down the track. "There goes the ten-mile post!" shouted the fireman, pausing, for a monent to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

"Yes, we've made that ten miles in eight minutes," said the engineer.

"Ah, but it's no use!" groaned Paul Norton. "We can't overhaul those cars. They're holding their own, and gaining on us, if any thing."

"That's so," assented the engineer. No use of tearing her to pieces." He pushed the throttle in a trifle and turned to Paul. "Well, young fellow, what shall we do—give it up?"

Paul turned and grasped the whistle-cord. "I'll try telegraphing by steam!" he said, desperately. "If the operator at Pottersville hears me, I think he'll understand."

Sharply the whistle of the flying locomotive rang out, in a succession of sounds and pauses corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse code. First came the customary call for Pottersville; then the message, "Open switch for siding."

A half minute's pause, and then the message was repeated. And so Paul Norton kept signaling with his steam telegraph, till, far down the valley the little Pottersville station came into sight.

The occupants of the engine cab could see the runaway freight cars tearing along, still a mile or more ahead of them. The dust cloud was approaching dangerously near to Pottersville station. Would the operator understand the signals of the locomotive whistle and open the siding in time? The boy and the two men in the cab bent forward, gazing through the narrow windows with anxious faces and fast-beating hearts.

Once more, and for the last time, Paul Norton seized the whistle-cord and signaled his message in ear-piercing shrieks and white puffs of escaping steam. At last! A figure, diminished to pigmy size by distance, was seen to dart across the track toward the upper end of the sliding. Then it sprang back once more to a place of safety. There was a crash that could be heard even above the roar and clang of the rails under the great mogul. The runaway freight cars had reached the switch at the siding, missed the frog, hurled themselves from the main track, and piled up in a mass of splintered ruin on the flat opposite the Pottersville station.

Paul Norton's message flung upon the air in puffs of steam, had been understood, and the express, with its hundreds of unsuspecting passengers, had been saved.—*Boys' World.*

How a Maltese Cat Was Whipped.

One day while standing at my window watching the shifting clouds and drowsy swaying of the trees, my attention was called to the peculiar actions of a large Maltese cat in the field beyond our lawn. It would crawl along, stop, fumble something, then go on a little distance, keeping this stopping and fumbling up for some time.

At last the lawn was reached, then through the fence the something came, followed by the cat.

Then I saw what it was—a poor little mouse that the cat had been tormenting.

The cat was too well fed to kill and eat its prey, but just indolent enough to torment and worry its poor victim.

On and on they came across the lawn. The cat would catch the poor little thing in its claws, mouth it, and then let it go. Poor mousie, thinking he was free, would try to make good his escape, but the respite was only for a few minutes, when he would be grabbed again.

Across the lawn and up the terrace they came, just below the window where I was standing. When the top of the terrace was reached, the cat gave his victim one more squeeze, looking delighted at the poor exhausted thing, as much as to say, "I could kill and eat you if I wanted to."

You know it was the last straw that broke the camel's back, so this last squeeze and indignity were too much. The mouse turned round, faced that cat, sat on its hind legs like a squirrel when it eats a nut, and when the cat made another attempt to molest him, the mouse slapped the cat in the face with its little fist—I mean paw—with a blow equal to Fitzsimmons's own.

The cat was taken so completely by surprise and so thoroughly disgusted with himself that he turned and fled, like the coward he was, and the mouse disappeared in a hole close to the cellar wall.

I was as surprised as the cat, and thoroughly enjoyed the discomfiture of poor pussy. I think it was the most amusing thing I ever saw, and if I had not seen the whole thing I would have been tempted to doubt the story if it had been told me.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Make a Study of Your Work.

You who are employed in any kind of work no doubt consider your life full of hardships. You wish you were in a position to hire help, and then you feel you would be happy.

But stop and examine yourself, and think whether you are doing very much to make your employer happy. Are you studying your especial order of work and mastering it in such a way as to be a real assistant?

If you are an office boy you should in a week's time at longest learn what your duties are, and you shoud do them regularly and promptly, without bothreing your emplyer by questions which have answered before.

I know a business man who went to his office with his mind burdened with important subjects which have needed his concentrated attention for several hours.

His office boy had been given a message to deliver, and came back from the elevator to ask again about the address, as he feared he had mistaken the number.

A clerk had been given a parcel to post in a box, but he had mislaid it and came to the employer to ask if he had seen it.

When found, the object was discovered to have a slight blemish. It was the business of the clerk to remove the blemish or to find a duplicate object, but he interrupted his employer to ask what should be done about it.

Then the office boy came back to say that the man he was sent to see had moved, and to ask how he should go to his new address.

Neither the office boy nor the clerk realized the absolute criminality of his conduct—for it is a crime to steal and take what is not ours; and another man's time and brain energy are not ours when we are paid to help him keep them for his own uses. It is doubtful if the boy or the clerk will ever be in a position to understand this subject, since by their failure to use their own wits and do their own work they will not be liable to reach any responsible situation in the world.

Now, whatever you are doing, do with all your mind and force and energy.

Do not despise your occupation and wish you had a higher calling, and rush through what you are doing in a slipshod manner, nor shift it upon other shoulders.

If you are a clerk, or a housemaid, or a secretary, or a cook, or a stenographer, or a governess, or a man or woman of all work, find out in the beginning what your duties are to be and get at them and get through them without bothering anybody. Consider your duties the important ones of the world until you have them accomplished.

No matter if you are a bootblack or a floor-scrubber, go about the shoes and the floor in dead earnest.

Do not ask anybody to find your shoe-brush or your floor mop for you—find them for yourself. Do your own work, do it well, and if you have ambitions for higher employment, remember it will never come if you half do what you are now attempting. Try to be broad minded enough to realize that those who employ you need your efficient aid, and that unless you can take all mental anxiety about your work from them you are only half earning your salary or wages, and are guilty of a species of dishonesty when you take your pay in full.

If you are paid for carrying mortar up a ladder, and your employer has to go along behind you each trip to see that you carry it, you should share your wages with him.

It is exactly so in every other department. If you make your employer do half the thinking for you, you only earn half your money.

Your life may seem a hard one, and his easy, yet you will never make your lot better by shifting the duties he pays you to do upon his shoulders. Even if you are not losing any thing by doing all your duty, mentally and physically; you are building your own character, and that will lead to better positions for you by and by.

Think about whatever you are doing, and if merely sent on an errand, let nothing prevent your accomplishing it short of an earthquake or a tidal wave.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Lions in a Fight.

While writing of the nature and disposition of lions in her book, "Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals," Ellen Velvin describes a battle between a number of these brutes which took place in a showroom in Richmond, Virginia. It came off at a rehearsal, so that the public lost the chance to see it. Only one man was concerned in the fight. That Captain Bonavita, who had managed twenty-seven at one time. The cause of the fight was the arrival of newcomers from their native jungles.

When the arena was ready for the rehearsal, Bonavita had considerable trouble in getting the animals out, and when the first one finally appeared, it was not in the slow, stately manner in which he usually entered, but in a quick, restless way which showed that he was in an excitable state. He was followed by the seventeen others, all in the same nervous condition.

Instead of getting on the pedestals in their usual way, the lions, with one exception, a big muscular fellow, began to snuff at the corners of the arena, where the newcomers had been exercising, and every moment added to their rage. Their fierce natures were excited by jealousy, and this soon culminated in rage and passion, so that when one lion presumed to go over to a corner and follow up the sniffing of another, the first one turned upon him and bit savagely. The other promptly retaliated, and in twinkling of an eye they were fighting fiercely.

The temper of the others flashed up like gunpowder, and almost instantly seventeen lions were engaged in a wild, free fight.

The one big fellow, which had climbed on his pedestal when he entered, still sat there, but at this moment the remaining nine lions appeared in the arena, followed by Bonavita.

The animals rushed into the battle; the big lion with an ugly snarl leaped from his pedestal into the thick of the fray, and in an instant twenty-seven lions were fighting with teeth and claws. In the midst of it all stood one man, calm self-possessed, but with every nerve and muscle at their highest tension, for he knew better than any one else that his life hung in the balance. Bonavita vainly tried to regain mastery over the fighting beasts. The lions were no longer the puppets of a show; they were the monarchs of the forest, wild and savage.

Seeing his power gone, Bonavita did his best to save his own life. He succeeded in getting out, thanks to his wonderful nerve—for he had to jump over the backs the fighting animals, and in doing so he received a deep wound in the shoulder.

There was nothing to be done but to let the lions fight it out, which they did. For nearly two hours that awful battle raged, while I grew sick and faint; but when the lions were exhausted Bonavita, wounded as he was, went in and drove them into their cages.

Many of the lions after this terrible fight were seriously injured, and had to be treated for wounds, cuts and tears; but they had fought themselves out, and the next week they went through their performance as mildly as kittens.

BUFFALO.

As announced in this column some time ago, Meagher was sent to compete in the Western New York Amateur Wrestling Champions, at Rochester on the twenty-first. The deaf-mutes of the Dead City showed their unqualified approval of the sport by not turning out to root, but nevertheless Meagher won his event handily, throwing the Auburn star in 4:42, and the Rochester Champion in 2:35, thus winning the gold medal that accompanied the championship.

At the recent meeting of the Whist Club, held at Miss Knorr's, it was decided to suspend the bi-weekly parties until after Lent.

Mr. Lyman, of Massehusetts, and Mr Triffin tied for first with forty four points. On the pick up the former bore off a fine silk muffler. Miss Carroll, with forty points, won the set of six fine salt cellars which went as ladies' prize, her second successive triumph.

Misses Smith and Carroll recently spent a day with Miss Hastings, of East Aurora.

Mr. Schiffhauer is around again after five weeks' illness. The sick list, however, is still a formidable one, Mrs. Stafflinger and Max Walter being the latest to grapple with La Grippe.

Mrs. Sabra Wilson, of East Arcade, and Mrs Daley of San Angelo, spent Sunday in town recently. That they had rousing reunion with the locals goes without saying—or "walks without talking" as the Frenchman has it.

Peter Brand has gone back to Michigan. During the six months he has been in town he has sold over a thousand volumes, not bad record when one takes into consideration the fact that in addition to being a deaf-mute, he is almost stone blind, the result of a bottle of acid thrown in his face a few years back.

On Sunday the 17th, a St Patrick's Day party will be held at the old Edward St. School, from five to ten P.M. A cracker jack program has been made out. A good time is assured all who attend.

The local alumni of the Rochester School will be surprised to learn that a committe has been appointed to select a site for a new school. The city wants the rear premises for park purposes, and the Institution is to be removed at an indefinite date.

BORN:—To Mr. and Mrs. Hurbert Bromwich, March 6th, a fine baby girl. The first birth in local circles this year comes to gladden the home which only last month was twice visited by the grim reaper. Both mother and child are doing finely, and hopes are entertained that the father may recover. Congratulations are in order. OMEGA.

Mountain Sheep Fight Wolves.

The Alaska gray wolves travel in pairs, and never attack a man unless they are famished, said Harry E. Lee, to a Los Angeles reporter. "The black Siberian wolves generally travel in packs of thirty or forty, with one leader that utters sharp, piecing yelps, and all the others in the herd keep silent.

"I saw a most interesting contest while on the Kenio peninsula between a pack of seven Siberian wolves and two whitesheep. I was completely astounded to see these apparently defenceless sheep come out victorious over their seven opponents. It was such a remarkable thing that later I took a company of hunters to the spot and showed them the carcasses of the wolves.

"These sheep of the mountain, whenever they do wander down to the timber are easily the prey of the wolves. But on the steep cliffs and rugged paths they have an advantage that they know.

"I was travelling up a canon one day, and on the opposite side about a quarter of a mile away I saw two magnificent specimens of the white sheep rushing up the raven, leaping from point to point, until they finally stoped in a little cove on a ledge, to reach which it was necessary to pass around a narrow path just wide enough for one animal at a time. The cove in which they stoppped was eight or ten feet broad.

"I watched their actions with deep interest, and saw them back up closely against the wall of rock with their heads lowered toward the path.

"Soon there came the yelp of the black wolf, and a pack of seven of these animals wheeled up the narrow path. As soon as the first one bounded from the path to the little tableland, biff one of the sheep butted him over the cliff; then came another and the charge was repeated; and still another, with the sheep bringing his battery to work in great style until actually all seven of the wolves lay at the bottom of the great cliff.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was about the cleverest thing I ever saw in fight among animals. Both sheep cautiously moved to the edge of the cliff, looked down on the wolves below, and then leisurely turned back and began to browse on some roots that hung from the rocks that had sheltered them."

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS OF THE DEAF

OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

To the Teachers of the Deaf of the United States of America and Canada:—

We, the undersigned representatives of the British teachers of the Deaf, have been requested to convey to our colleagues engaged in the Schools and Institutions for the Deaf on this side of the Atlantic, the hearty and fraternal greetings of those similarly engaged in Great Britain and Ireland.

We desire to express, on their behalf, the strong interest they take in your work, and their earnest wishes for the success of the labours you are carrying on for the benefit of the deaf of your great nation.

We trust that these labours may be still more abundantly blessed in the future, and that the most cordial relations may always exist between the Teachers of the Deaf on both sides of the Atlantic.

On behalf of the members of the National Association of Teachers of the Deaf, we also beg to tender an invitation to the International Conference of Teachers of the Deaf which will be held in Edinburgh, this year, on July 30th, and following days, and assure you that a warm welcome will be extended to any American teachers able to be present.

We are, faithfully and fraternally yours,

W. H. ADDISON,
Head Master, Deaf Dumb Institution, Glasgow.

F. G. BARNES,
Head Master, Homerton Residential School for the Deaf, London, N. E., and Hon. Secretary of the National Association of Teachers of the Deaf.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services on Sundays in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

BUFFALO.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, at 4:30 P.M., on the following Sundays, (Every two weeks):

Feb.— 3, 17. Mar.— 3, 17, 31.
Apr.—14, 28. May — 5, 19.
June—2, 16.

You are cordially invited to attend regularly.

REV. P. S. GILMORE.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK. MARCH 14, 1907.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One Copy, one year - - $1.00
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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE deaf are always handicapped. Lack of hearing certainly is an obstacle all through life. To their credit be it said, the majority of them bear their load cheerfully and uncomplainingly. They accomplish much in the face of rivalry with their brethren who can hear. That they rise beyond the average level in a great many cases, entitles them to additional praise.

But their own natural handicap is not their only disadvantage. They have to combat skepticism as well as credulity. On the one hand, the public does not have a disposition to be prepossessed as to their capabilities. The public can not be blamed for that. An employer of a deaf mute is usually surprised when the deaf-mute gives evidence of ability to perform his tasks equally as well as a hearing person. The employer would not evince the slightest surprise at the demonstrated ability of one who could hear.

Again, on the other hand, the public is too credulous in imputing to all the deaf the evil characteristics of an occasional beggar, idler, or incompetent. Only last week, one of the New York dailies announced in a display heading that a pool room had been raided, and all the paraphernalia confiscated, and that all in the place were "deaf-mutes." This was simply a libel upon the deaf. The men captured did not say a word, but pretended to be deaf, therefore the paper aforesaid put them down as "deaf-mutes." There were no deaf-mutes in the lot.

Still again, there is an overwhelming proportion of the general public that thinks the only *educated* deaf person is one who can articulate a few words and make an occasional guess at the lip motions of people who many address him. We say this without disparagement of the few who can really talk well and are good lip-readers. Nevertheless it stands as a disadvantage to the well educated who have not mastered the art of speech and speech reading.

But perhaps the greatest of all injustice unwittingly done the deaf is to attribute their unsteady gait to indulgence in liquor. There is no man, or woman, adventitiously deaf, who can walk straight after nightfall. They do not possess the sense of equilibrium, because the sense of equilibrium lies in that part of the ear which has been rendered useless by the disease that caused deafness. Still the scandal-mongers talk, some malignantly and some with pity. But the result is the same; the deaf are held up as a class that loves the flowing bowl. Principals of Institutions for the deaf are continually in receipt of information that such a deaf person had been seen walking on both sides of the pavement at once, on such a night, at such a time, *et cetera, ad nauseam, ad infinitum*. These well-meaning people, these informants, these censors of "bibulosity," were all wrong—so much wrong, in fact, that one is constrained to bring into requisition the Mexican adage: "*Vox populi, nux vomica.*"

THE rumor that Dr. E. M. Gallaudet has decided to resign from the Presidency of Gallaudet College, is being given publication in Western papers for the deaf. One of them even publishes the name of his successor—or, at least, the one who has been invited to the chair. It is incredible. Dr. Gallaudet is physically and mentally more vigorous than many men twenty years his junior who are actively at work in the profession of educating the deaf. Until the rumor is confirmed from headquarters (the College) we shall decline to take any stock in it.

MR. WILLIAM WADE, that good and philanthropic friend of the deaf-blind, who says wise things quite frequently and odd things occasionally, gives his sign repertoire in the Alabana *Messenger*. It is not very extensive, to be sure, but forms a nucleus for future extension. He says: "All the deaf signs I know are, 'girl,' 'bad,' 'woman,' 'sweet,' and 'donkey.'"

An Open Letter.

93 West Seldon St., Mattapan, Mass., March 5, 1907.

DEAR MR. SHAW:—In response to your request for a letter on the matter of the guardianship of your son, as the head of the New England Gallaudet Association, I wish to say that the Association is not in a position to do anything to aid you in the case until it is assured of the fact that the claim on which the petition of Mrs. Church is based, is that you and Mrs Shaw are unfit to control the child because you are deaf; but it is my belief, that most of the members are in favor of your having the custody of your son.

Personally I have known you since you left "Old Hartford," in 1893, and cannot recollect of any act on your part which would justify your being deprived of your boy; and your good character, inventive ability and energetic and industrious habits, which I have observed during these years, ought to help you to win the case. From what I have been informed, your attorney is well prepared to meet any question that may arise at the hearing, so you should not be in fear of losing the case. Even if the question of unfitness on account of your affliction should be brought up, you will have plenty of deaf friends to stand by you as well as the New England Gallaudet Association.

I saw your son the other day for the second time since you took him away from the Church family, and I am glad to say that his appearance proves that you and Mrs. Shaw have given him excellent care If I can help you further in any way, I shall be happy to do so.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE C. SAWYER.
Pres. New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes

TO MR. W. E. SHAW
41 Norton St.
Dorchester, Mass.

Forty Years.

Just forty years ago our Superintendent, W. O. Connor, took charge of this school as principal. He is still hale and hearty and good for many more years. He has the confidence and respect of all pupils and officers who have been connected with the school. In that long time it is quite a little army of people. He ought to feel proud of his big family. When he first commenced work with this school, there was one small house for school and dormitory and another for shop purposes and a very few pupils to teach. Now we have about $150,000 worth of buildings and about 200 pupils. Mr. Connor is very proud of the fact, that when he was a little more than 19 years of age, and had had only three years experience, he was tendered the position of principal, which in Georgia covers that of superintendent, but as he says, "fortunately had too much sense to accept it."—*Georgia School Helper.*

In a list of "Wasteful Ways of Saving" we find this: "Overworking. Nobody will thank you. You will be so cross that the very people for whom you are slaving will hate you."

How true that is! Some of us go by spurts. We start out Monday morning with a stern resolution to conquer the world, or, in other words, to make our pupils conquer the verb "to be," or the use of prepositions. We not only put our whole self into the day's work, but we sit up nights pondering how much better it may be done. Tuesday and Wednesday we are hard at it again, but the latter part of the week we are physically worn out, and the poor pupil really gets less good teaching than if the energy had been equally divided among the five days. In all other kinds of work the result is the same. One can accomplish nothing in a worn out condition. Measure your strength and use judgment in using it.

BALTIMORE.

This year's Lenten season has been a very quiet and uneventful one in Baltimore social and church circles. Since the lecture by Dr. C. R Ely, of Gallaudet College, on February 1st, and the Colonial Tea, given by Miss Isabella Shipley, on February 8th, a practical suspension of all functions has prevailed. The regular Friday evening Lenten servies have been held as in past years, and let us hope they have been beneficial. The attendance at these services has been good, though, of course, not what might have been. There is not a church or religious gathering anywhere, we fear, that does not, however, mourn over the "what might have been." Human nature, is too prone nowadays to crave for a continuous round of excitement, and a suspension for even a brief period of this round of excitement produces either an unwonted lethargy or a feeling of rebellious protest.

The current issue of the *Silent Worker* is a particularly interesting number. We congratulate Mr. Wyand, of Frederick, Maryland, upon his entrance into Masonic Circles Such an attainment cannot but reflect credit upon his fellow deaf-mutes. And this reminds us that we have time and again had occasion to look into the questions of the exhibitions of deaf-mutes to membership in the various lodges of of the coutry. In larger cities, we observe, the prohibitions are much more stringent than in the small towns. In the Southern States quite a large number of deaf-mutes are members in good standing in the various lodges and secret societies. Why the same rules do not apply every where, may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that in the large cities it is so much easier to get a long membership role, while in the small towns the reverse is true. A lodge or secret sociey that goes a begging for members is not apt to reject the application of an intelligent and respectable deaf-mute, while in the case of a lodge or secret society that has a hundred candidates to pick from, the man who cannot hear and speak, and hence circulate freely and smoothly, stands a hard chance, though, of course, not an absolutely prohibitive chance, of election If he does attain his ambition it is only after a mighty stuggle.

Mr. Louis A. Divine, a teacher in the Knoxville, Tenn, School for the Deaf, and Secretary of the Alumni Association of the Gallandet College, is a member of a Masonic Lodge. We understand he was initiated in Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Divine tells a story that shows the open "sesame" qualities of the Masonic lodge. He was returning from Philadelphia to Omaha with his bride, when the train they were riding on struck a snowdrift and became stalled. The amount of provision on the train was limited and as the days passed, one, two, three, four, before rescue came, the prospect was most apalling. Hunger stared the passengers in the face. On the fifth day a pathway was tunnelled to a small village near by, but there also the prospect of getting a full meal was poor. One by one the passengers returned to the train, while those who chose to remain had to submit to the most unmerciful fleecing. Mr. Divine didn't want to return and submit to a diet of crackers and water. He wasn't used to such unsumptuous fare, and neither was his fair bride, and so with that *hope* which springs eternal in the human breast, swelling up in his bosom, he determined upon a foray of the town. The first man he met during his expedition proved to be a grizzly old farmer, who nearly wrung his arm out of its socket. The old man had espied Divine's Masonic pin on the lapel of his coat. During the remainder of the young couple's stay in that Nebraska, or was it Illinois, town, they feasted on the best of the farmer's larder, nor would he accept more than a mere pittance in return. Mr. and Mrs. Divine have a young beauty of a daughter now, and her name is "Hope." We do not think we are violating the confidence of the young people by assuring their friends that they have promised that in the event that they are blessed with any more daughters they will be named "Faith" and "Charity."

Miss Laura Sheridan, of Chicago, has been holding revival services in the Methorist Mission of this city during the past few weeks. She returns to Chicago on Friday, March 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Nicholson have moved to the Butterbaugh farm, and propose delving for wealth with hoe and rake, shovel and pickaxe and ploughshare. We wish them an unlimited measure of success. Farming is an ideal industry for the deaf.

Among the recent official acts of the Rev. O. J. Whildin were *one* baptism in Washington, one baptism in Baltimore, five baptisms in Wilmington, North Carolina, four presented for confirmation in Washington, D. C., and srvices for the Deaf in Raleigh, Norfolk, Durham, Wilmington, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Cumberland, and Baltimore. At a post-Lenten service for men in St. James' Church, Wilmington, N. C., recently, Rev. Mr. Whildin made an oral address on Church Work among the Deaf.

The names of those confirmed at Trinity Church, Washington, were Mrs. Margaret Harrison, Misses Dailey, King and Talbert.

Mr. George Schafer, Gallaudet College, '03, underwent a severe operation for a mastoid in the ear, at the Episcopal Church Home and Infirmary in this city. Both Rev. Mr. Whildin and Rev. Mr. Flick visited him several times. During their last visit they found him swathed in bandages and resting easily. Mr. Schafer's attending physician is Dr. Hutchins, who former Gallaudetians will remember as a member of the St. John's College football team. Dr. Hutchins spoke enthusiastically of his relations with the Gallaudet boys on the grid iron.

Rev. Mr. Flick recently visited Atlanta, Montgomery, Birmingham, Knoxville, Memphis, Corinth, Spartaburg, etc. At Corinth he met Mr. Percy Jones, ex '01, and at Spartanburg Mr. Coleman, '69 Percy is "boss" in a clothing factory in Corinth and Coleman is "boss" in a school room in the Cedar Springs School for the Deaf. Picard, '03, of Atlanta, did not show up, probably being engrossed in his chemical laboratory over a bottle of H_2SO_4.

The Baltimore Society for the Deaf is to have a "Smoker" on February 20th. We do not know the object of the "Smoker."

The attention of the Deaf of Baltimore, is called to the following events scheduled to come off at Grace Parish House It is to be hoped that there will be a revival of interest after the Lenten Holidays:

April 12—Lecture by Mrs. Syle, of Phila.
April 19—Literary Meeting, Mr. Boss, Chairman.
April 26—Annual Guild Meeting.
May 3—Lecture by Rev. Mr. Dantzer, of Phila.
May 10—Tableaux.
May 17—Shadow Pantomime.
May 23—Strawberry Fete.
May 31—Committee Meetings.
June 29—Annual Picnic.

Any changes in the above programme will be announced as soon as made.

CECILIUS CALVERT.

WASHINGTON D. C.

The first regular meeting of the National Literary Society was held in the chapel of Trinity Church; 3d and C Streets, N. W., Wednesday evening, March 6th. The meeting was to have been opened with an address by the Rev. Dr Williams, pastor of Trinity Church, but he was detained by important church business and could not make his address until later in the evening. The next thing on the programme was a lecture, by Mr. A. C. Merrill. He chose for his subject "Early Americans," which he delivered in fine style and kept the audience in rapt attention throughout.

Then came an imitation of a Public Hearing, such as often comes off before the board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia As most every one knows, the District of Columbia is governed by a board of Commissioners consisting of three members, appointed by the President of the United States. One of these members must be of the same party as is the Party in power, one other must be of another Party, and the third must be neutral, and he is nearly always selected from the Engineer Corps of the U. S. A. These Commissioners, in lieu of a Governor and Mayor, govern the District and the City of Washington, according to laws laid down by Congress. They are allowed great latitude, however, in interpreting these laws. So when a disgruntled citizen or citizens think that they have some grievance about something, they promptly write to the Commissioners, and make their kick, which, if the Commissioners think is merited, they send their inspectors to investigate, and report their findings to them, and a reply is then sent to the complaints. Sometimes these grievances, imaginary or otherwise, become so persistent and pronounced that the best way out of the difficulty would be to have a public hearing, and have the matter threshed out at the meeting. These meetings are often prone to cause much amusement among the spectators. So this is what led to a "Public Hearing," at our meeting. The cast of characters was as follows:

Mr. McFadden (McFarland) Chairman of the Board.....Mr. Adams
Mr. Vest (West) member.....Mr. Bryant
Col. Tiddle (Biddle) Engineer Commissioner.....Mr. Edelin
Mr. Fidgets, Disgruntled citizen.....Dr. Hotchkiss
Mr. Hensley, a man who keeps chickens.....Mr. Pfunder

The "Board" was called to order by Chairman McFadden, who announced that the "Board" had been receiving numerous complaints from various citizens about the nuisance caused by their neighbors' chickens, and that these persons so accused had indignantly denied that their beloved fowls had caused any trouble whatever. So the "Board" had called this meeting to let both sides have their say. He then stated that any one who interrupted the proceedings while the "hearing" was going on would be immediately pounced upon by the "police," and fired out of the room, and then asked if any citizen present had any thing to say on the subject. Mr. Fidgets then arose, and in his own inimitable style, told why he was "against" fowls of any kind whatever being allowed to be kept in the back yards in the District. Then Mr. Hensley came forward and in an humorous vein told why chickens should be allowed to remain.

Rev. Williams had arrived at this juncture, and after being introduced with a few appropriate words by president Bryant, made a short address of welcome which was interpreted by Dr. Ely. The programme was then concluded with a declamation entitled "Circumstance," by Miss Sadie Dailey, who received much applause for the graceful way in which it was rendered.

Three of our mutes were remembered a few days ago by Uncle Sam when he was passing promotion plums around They were Messrs. Bernsdorff, Flood and Boswell—all of whom are employed in the Mail Bag Repair Shop.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boswell has been very ill with pneumonia, but it is much better at this writing.

Rev. Mr. Flick left for the South, a short time ago. He expected to be gone for about ten days. During his absence Mrs. Flick will remain with her folks in Baltimore. She was sick for several days with a bad cold.

Mr. William Brookmire was taken suddenly ill, at his desk in the Pension Office, about ten days ago, and has been confined to his bed ever since. Over work is the cause of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Edington remembered Washington's Birthday by giving a social to a few of their friends, from 2 till 6 o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

William Duval, who has been working in the General Post Office for some time past, left for his home in Baltimore, upon the adjournment of Congress.

W. P. S.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3:15 P.M.
March 3d and 31st, Holy Communion.
Lenten Service every Thursday evening in March at 8 o'clock, and at the same hour on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 25th, 26th and 27th.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday at 3 P M.
March 24th, Holy Communion.

MARCH 17TH.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 9:30 A M. Holy Communion.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P. M., Holy Communion.

March 24TH

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.
Gallaudet Home, 10 A.M.
Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburg, 3:30 P.M.

E. W. Frisbee's Appointments

MARCH 1907.

17—1:00 P.M., Y. M. C. A., Manchester, N. H.

24—10:45 A.M., All Saints', Worcester, Mass

E. W. FRISBEE, *Missionary.*
182 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 1829 W. Ontario Street.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sermon and Holy Communion—
First Sunday of the month, 2:30 P.M.
Evening Prayer and Sermon—
Other Sundays, 2:30 P.M.
Bible Class, ... 3:45 P.M.

WEEK-DAY MEETINGS.

Clerc Literary Association—
Every Thursday, 8 P.M.

Possible Honor of Losing a Train.

Speaker Joseph Cannon, responding to a toast at a recent dinner, says *Success*, began his remarks so as to create the initial laugh so much desired by orators as preparation for weightier matter.

"Astronomers tell us," he began, "according to the gentleman who has just sat down, that an express train moving a hundred miles a second would consume several million years in reaching a certain star."

He paused and looked toward the guest to whom he had referred.

"That was the statement," said the Speaker's neighbour, nodding

"I was just thinking," pursued Mr. Cannon, "what a predicament a man would be in if he should miss the last train and have to walk."

Alumni Chapter of Illinois School.

The second annual meeting of the Alumni Chapter of the Illinois school for the Deaf will be held in the Assembly room of the first Methodist church, corner Clark and Washington Sts., Chicago, on Saturday evening, March 23d.

A cordial invitation is extended to all the deaf who were educated at the Illinois School, whether graduates or not, to be present and do honor to the memory of their illustrious former Superintendent, Dr. Philip G Gillett, on his birthday. While the new organization was formed chiefly for good fellowship and the cultivation of fraternal ties among its members, it has for its leading feature the annual observance of Dr. Gillett's birthday.

It will be noticed the present name of the organization admits only those who are graduates of the Illinois School. This is unfortunate: first, because the number of graduates in Chicago is small, comparatively speaking; and, second, because there are many intelligent and respectable non-graduates who would like to be present on an occasion when they could participate in the pleasures incident to the celebration of the birthday anniversary of one whom they loved. Fairness and generosity seem to suggest that the spirit of exclusion should have no place among those who were educated at the same school on an occasion like this.

For the above reasons, a proposition will be submitted at the next meeting for changing the name to the "Gillett Chapter," or any other name that will admit both graduates and non-graduates to membership. Only those who were present at the meeting held at the residence of Mr and Mrs. C. L. Buchan on March 24th, 1906, will be entitled to vote, and they must have paid the membership fee of twenty-five cents before they can do so.

As there is every probability that the name will be changed, it is desired that all desirable non graduates of the Illinois School in Chicago and vicinity be apprised of the fact, so that they can be present. A large attendance is both desired and looked for.

JAMES E. GALLAHER.
President Alumni Chapter Illinois School for the Deaf.

RUTH ZOLLINGER, *Secretary.*

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.

REV. J. H. CLOUD, *Minister*, 2606 Virginia Avenue.

Sunday Services at 3 P.M.
Sunday School at 2:15 P.M.
Week-day meetings at 8 P.M, on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

Would Not Run.

"Down in one of the bush leagues where I used to pitch before my name appeared in the paper more than half a dozen times, a big, broad shoulderd, athletic appearing fellow appeared one day and asked to be allowed to play," says "Wild Bill" Donovan.

"He was so big and powerful we decided to give him a chance."

"When he came to bat the pitcher shot the ball straight across."

"'One strike!' yelled the umpire.

"'Why is it one strike?'" asked the man.

"'Because I said so. Look out! There comes another.'"

"'Two strikes!'" the umpire howled.

"'Here, explain this thing to me,' fellow said. "Why do you say two strikes when I haven't struck at the ball at all?'"

"Before the umpire could reply, up came another—a straight one—waist high. Mr. Amateur let go with all his might and away went the ball—faster and faster, higher and higher, as it sailed away. Just as the ball was passing over a fence I looked toward the plate, and there was that numskull standing stock still. 'Run!' I shouted with all my might, for we needed the tally. 'Run! Don't you see the ball has gone over the fence?'

"'Run!' he howled back. 'Not on your life. I've done nothing run for. I didn't mean to lose the ball, but I've got the money to pay for it. How much is the damage?'"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Drink Galore.

A Rhode Island man gives an amusing illustration of the extreme conservatism of a well-known Providence lawyer.

At Narragansett, one afternoon he was strolling on the beach with a friend, a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, who remarked that he had that morning derived some relief by drinking a glass of salt water from the tide. "Do you think," solemnly asked the dyspeptic one, "that I might take a second glass?"

Well, answered the conservative man, after his usual pause for reflection, I think we may safely say that a second glass wouldn't be missed.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Annual Public Meeting of the O. W. L. S.

OUR DISAPPOINTED ATHLETES.

Brevities.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, March 11, 1907.—The baseball and track squads were out for the first time this season, Saturday with good weather and no end of enthusiastic thinking they had seen the last of really cold weather for the spring.

Sunday morning, however, found the ground covered with a wet snow. The fall continued nearly all day, to the great disgust of the athletes and others.

About thirty of the Co-eds, chaperoned by Dr. Draper, Mr. Fowler, Mrs. Ely and Mrs Hall, accepted an invitation to witness the cavalry drill at Fort Mayer, last Friday afternoon.

A recent banquet at the Washington Y. M. C. A., was graced by the presence of Leo R Holway, '08.

Miss Margaret Leveck, '09, last week received a surprise visit from her sister, Mrs. Crammer, of Michigan, who is on a tour of the eastern cities.

The Annual public meeting of the O. W. L. S., was held in chapel hall, Saturday evening, March 9th, at 7:30. The following program was rendered.

I LECTURE, "Norse Mythology,".....Miss Tade, '07

II SCENE from Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

Duke Senior.....Miss Snyder, '10
Orlando.....Miss Thiessen, '10
Oliver.....Miss Linabury, '10
Jacques.....Miss Pike, I.C.
Celia.....Miss Johnson, '09
Rosalind.....Miss Turner, '09
Silvinis.....Miss Eaton, I.C.
Phoebe.....Miss Lewis, '10
Touchstone.....Miss Roath, '10
Audrey.....Miss Van Ostrand, I.C.
Hymen.....Miss Hubbard, I.C.

III DIALOGUE, "Mrs. Muggin's Discourse on Cooks, Suitors, etc."

Mrs. Muggins.....Miss Parker, '10
Cousin Hannah Jane.....Miss Johnson, '10
Betty, the Cook.....Miss Bendele, '10

IV READING, "The Man without a Country,".....Miss Frost, '08

V TABLEAUX, "Japanese Goddess of the Sun."

Goddess.....Miss Fitzgerald, I.C.

JAPANESE WOMEN—Misses Lee, I.C., Britt, '08, Northrop, '08, Kilgore, '08, Fortner, I.C., Leveck, '09, and Newman, I.C.

VI DECLAMATION, "Bingen On The Rhine,".....Miss Neldon, '08

The management of the entertainment to be given by the Kendall School pupils on the night of March 16th, have sold all the available seats for the first performance, and have decided to repeat the program on Monday night, March 18th. Most of the tickets were taken up by parents and hearing friends of the pupils, from the city.

O. W. Underhill was in Baltimore on business last Thursday.

"In the HOUR of human events, etc., is the way "Soupy" Bell, I. C. begins his frequent recitations of the Declaration of Independence. Even repeated raps on his "noddle" at the hands of an expert like O'Donnell, cannot *induce* him to admit his error.

The gymnastic exhibition came off last Friday afternoon, and henceforth baseball and track candidates are excused from attendance at the drills.

The feature of the exhibition was a basket ball game between picked teams from the Senior and Junior classes.

The team captained by Underhill, '08, won by the score of 18 to 12, thereby taking some of the lustre out of the auburn locks with which Nature has crowned Horton, '07, captain of the opposing team, and causing the chagrined Buckley to decide on "The Futility of Human Endeavor," as the subject for his graduation essay.

Two changes have been made in the baseball schedule, the dates with the Navy, May 8th, and with Washington College at Chestertown, Md., April 6th, being interchanged.

Service for Deaf-Mutes.

MARCH 1907.

17—10:45 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:30 P.M. St. Stephen's, Lynn.

24—10:45 A.M., St. Andrews, Boston.
3:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.

31—Easter Day—10:45 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. Holy Communion.
3:30 P.M., New England Home, Everett.

Services every Friday at New England Home, Everett, at 3:30 P.M.

S. STANLEY SEARING.
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

Albert S. Tufts,
Edwin W. Frisbee } Lay-Readers.

NEW YORK.

Oratorical Fireworks at the Brooklyn Guild.

CHURCH AND CLUB NOTES.

Other Newsy Items.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Those of the deaf of the Borough who attended the meeting of the Brooklyn Guild last Thursday evening, witnessed a most lively debate in which oratorical fireworks illuminated the room. The cause of it all was the attitude assumed by certain members regarding the wisdom of incorporating the organization. The gallant and resourceful Archie McLaren, ever bold, led "the charge of the light brigade." He contended "that the Brooklyn Guild would be greatly benefitted by being incorporated. That its scope of usefulness would be enlarged and extended." Just how this was to be accomplished the doughty warrior forgot to mention. Probably the castle which he and others had already built in the air would then be trasported to Brooklyn. In this castle would be a large hall. On Sundays this hall could be used for religious purposes; on week days and evenings for meeting, dances, theatricals and such amusements in which the deaf take so much delight.

Mr. George L Reynolds had most decided views in the negative. He spoke of "the long and patient services of the late Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. How he dedicated his life to the cause of the deaf, although he was mentally fitted to fill many a position that would have brought him both fame and fortune." How the good man founded St. Ann's Church for those he loved—the deaf and dumb. Then coming down to the direct question at issue Mr. Reynolds mentioned "how Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. John Chamberlain started the Brooklyn Guild as a part of the work of the Church Mission. They secured the guild a permanent meeting place, which it has used free of rent ever since its inception." Both Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. John Chamberlain were always delighted at the growth and success of the Brooklyn Guild.

"Having gained strength by this encouragement, some of the members, whose time should be spent in better buisness, are now trying to take the organization from under the protecting wing of the Church Mission, in other words to disrupt the Church Mission in Brooklyn."

In concluding, Mr. R gave notice that he would battle against the project to dismember the Church Mission in Brooklyn, and the good work already accomplished by the sainted Gallaudet and Rev. John Chamberlain should not be trampled in the dust—not if it could be prevented."

The discussion was for the most part good natured, although at times Mr. McLaren dropped into personalities under the impression that such things were wisdom and arguments. These, the presiding genius, allowed to pass unrebuked because—because he was of the same way of thinking as McLaren.

PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY NOTES.

Notwithstanding the uncanny weather of February, there was sunshine in our midst with a large number of social gatherings some of which were combined with business meetings. Meetings have been held at the homes of Miss Minnie A Pancoast and Miss Hilda Seiler.

The cordial hospitality of the hostesses had a way of infusing a happy mind into the business transacted.

A birthday surprise party, that hit the mark very effectively, was that given to Miss Hilda Seiler at her home, on February 16th. It was planned by Miss Anna Giebelhaus, and participated in by eighteen of our members. Miss Seiler's brother and his wife contributed largely to the success and enjoyment of the occasion. The supper table looked very pretty with its patriotic decoration and favors.

Mr. Herman Heerdt successfully planned a surprise party for his wife, and invited about forty friends to assist him in his conspiracy of love.

The "Penny Social" given in the Club Room, on March 1st, was a telling success, gotten up by Mr. James Avens. It was wonderful to see how eager the pennies were to come out of every one's pocket, and after a lively time rest contentedly in the Treasurer's box. "Penny and penny laid up will be many," and we certainly netted a good sum that evening.

This is to be repeated on March 29th, with a larger stock of fun.

The glad news has come of the birth of a daughter to Mrs. Moise Changnon. Our best wishes go to both mother and babe.

The Sunday half-hour service started on March 3d promises to become very popular with the deaf. The topics under discussion are very helpful for the Christian life.

We acknowledge with gratitude a donation of $1.25 from Mrs. James Gillies, per Mr. A. McL. Baxter, and $25.50 from M. Malcom Baxter, Jr., for a special object in our work.

A very interesting letter has been received from Dr. Harvard Agnew Johnston, written on the Pacific Mail S. S., "Mongolia," and mailed in San Francisco, Cal., which reads in part as follows:

"My thought and prayer go very often to the deaf friends in New York. I do not know when I may be in New York; but when I do visit the city I shall hope for the privilege of meeting with the members of the Society. My plans for the future are quite uncertain. The Lord will make the way plain, and we will follow His leading. He has kept us all through the long journey in health and strength and has taught us many things concerning the realities of the Christian life."

Dr. Johnston is at present in Tacoma, Washington, visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson slept calmly on while a fire was consuming the lower portion of the apartment house in which they reside. After the blaze had been subdued, some one asked about the deaf couple, and it was discovered that they had not been aroused when all the other people in the building had been ordered out. Policemen raced up the stairs, and pounded frantically on the door, expecting when they had broken it down to find the deaf couple suffocated to death. What was their astonishment when Mr. Thompson, in his pajamas, appeared at the door with an inquiring look on his face. Instead of enlightening him, the relieved but disgusted "cops" told him to get back to bed again as all danger was passed.

One of the most solemn and interesting devotions of Catholic worship, known as the Stations of the Cross, will be interpreted in the sign language by Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., in the lower Church of St. Francis Xavier, next Sunday. Preceding the devotions, a short sermon will be preached, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will follow. The attendance of now-Catholics as well as Catholics is cordially requested.

Last Sunday Messrs. Shea and Buckley went to New Jersey. Their destination was New Market, to visit their friend Joe Penrose. They left the train at Plainfield, hired a sleigh, and behind a fast horse skimmed over the snow to their destination.

March 10th represented a red-letter day to Messrs. Arthur C. Bachrach, Moses Loew and Simon Hirsch, as it was on that date, twenty years ago, that they became members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

A pool tournament at the Rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, shows eighteen contestants. So far, L. Metzger looks like a winner. Harry Dickerson looms up as a "dark horse."

On March 2d, at her home in Bensonhurst, L. I., Miss Daisy Peck was married to Mr Harry Liebsohn, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain officiated.

A girl baby, weighing nine pounds, was born to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Black, of Newark, on Monday, March 11th. Mother and child are doing well.

Miss Ethel Bell, of Brooklyn, a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School, died last week and was buried on Friday, March 8th.

Instead of March 16th, the Xavier Deaf-Mute Club's Whist Party will held on St Patrick's Day night, March 17th.

Miss Pauline Settle, a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School, died, of consumption, on Friday, March 8th.

Miss Sarah Tallman is said to be critically sick with pneumonia.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, *Pastor*

Afternoon service, at 3 30 P.M.

March 10—Speaker, Prof. Harry F. Best.
17— " Prof. Isaac Gardner.
24— " Prof. A. W. Dobyns.
31— " Prof. Harry F. Best.

Bible Class meets at 4 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

CLUB BOOM BELLETIN—

March 15—Surprise Social.
" 22—Package Party. Please bring one or more packages.
" 29—Penny Social. A good time for your pennies.

PHILADELPHIA.

Teacher of the Deaf Defranded.

FOR CATHOLIC DEAF.

Belated News Notes.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

March 4, 1907 — The following, is clipped from the *North American*.

MEDIA, PA., Feb. 27.—In court here to-day it developed that Mrs. Ida Westernberger, who was arrested in Chester a few days ago, charged with passing worthless checks, has been borrowing money for three years on notes and mortgages amounting to several thousand dollars, with the aid of a man who signed his name as John A. M. Westernberger.

On December 30th, 1904, she borrowed from Miss Iva I. Gustine, a deaf teacher in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Mount Airy, $2,200 on her husband's property at Glenolden, which was later sold at Sheriff's sale.

The husband stated in court that he had never signed the mortgage on which the money was obtained and that the property had been sold without his knowledge.

Witnesses testified that he was not the man she had presented as her husband. The wife was not in court.

On Sunday afternoon last, after the Bible Class at All Souls' had finished the lesson for the day, Secretary Lipsett announced that he had received the following reply to the Minute of respect sent to the family of the late Rev. Dr. Clerc. The letter is unsigned but was probably sent by Miss Emily Clerc to whom the Minute had been addressed.

PHILIPSBURG, PA., Feb. 27, 1907.

The family of the late Rev. Francis J. Clerc desire to extend to the members of All Souls' Church and the Clerc Literary Association, Philadelphia, their appreciativr thanks for the resolution passed at their meeting on Thursday evening, February 21st, 1907.

Always very near to his heart was the cause of the Deaf, and they, in common, with all who knew him, may well feel that in his passing away, they are bereft of a true friend.

The attention of the Catholic deaf is called to the weekly lectures before "The Father Whelan Association," at 5035 N. 12th Street. These lectures are given by Father Whelan, after whom the Association is named, every Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Their high character should recommend them to every deaf Catholic in the city, and they are earnestly invited to attend them. We may also say that Father Whelan is at St. John's parish building, 13th Street, above Chestnut, every Saturday at 4 P.M., to meet any deaf Catholics who may wish to see him.

Mrs. Charles Stiles gave an elaborate dinner to a few friends, in honor of her husband's birthday, on Sunday evening, February 24th, at their cosy home in Ashbourne, Pa. The weather happened to be exceedingly storm you that day, so that only a few guests ventured out. They were Mr and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, Mr. H. J. Haight, and Mr. Joseph Walls. Including the family, there were just eight persons at the feast, and they enjoyed it highly.

On April 4th, the annual election of officers will take place.

An uneducated deaf mute, named Hassler, about forty years of age, and living in West Philadelphia, died a couple of weeks ago from a spinal affection. He was employed about a mailing machine, and is said to have made $14 a week.

Isn't it gratifying to know that the Home has at least one friend in the extreme north-western part of these United States? Miss Cora M. Reed, a former Pennsylvanian and still one by heart, writes encouragingly from the School for the Deaf at Vancouver, Washington, and as if to give force to her kindly remarks, adds a two dollar donation.

Another contribution of five dollars ($5) for the Home is reported by Miss Susan McKinney; but, like the Good Samaritan of Biblical fame, the donor's name is not given, simply calling himself or herself "A Friend."

On Saturday evening, March 2d, a birthday was given to Miss Katie Keeney, sister of Messrs Roy and Ray Keeney. All who attended the party voted it a very enjoyable affair. Among the invited guest were John A. Roach, Laib Hamburg, Alexander McGhee, Philip Gorman, Miss D. McConney, Miss Freda Pollock, Miss Elsie Thompson and some others.

Harry L. Stull reports a very enjoyable time at a party given in honor of his mother's fiftieth birthday anniversary, on Saturday evening, March, 2d.

The Philadelphia Local Branch will meet at All Souls' Hall, next Saturday evening, March 9th. A feature of interest at this meeting will be a short lecture or discussion by Mr. R. M. Ziegler.

William F. Irvin's mother was buried last week. She died from paralysis of the brain.

Mrs. Josephine Hartman, sister of Mrs. John M. Wisner, died an hour after her mother was buried at Colmar Baptist Church Cemetery. She was the heaviest woman in Bucks and Montgomery Counties, and weighed four hundred pounds. It took twelve men to carry the casket to the grave. She had been ill for about five years and was about 52 years old.

On Saturday evening, March 9th, Mr. George A. Le Van was tendered a birthday party by his wife at their cosy residence on North Seventh Street, although the day proper fell on the preceding Thursday. Mr. LeVan was made the recipient of many handsome and useful gifts, all of which he appreciated greatly. When the guests entered the dining room, they were impressed by the beauty of the decorations which the skill of Mrs. LeVan had produced. Hanging around over the festive board were pretty Japanese lauterns, and on the centre of the long table stood a huge birthday cake, decorated with as many small American flags as the milestones that Mr. Levan has passed on his journey of this life. After the guests had taken positions at the table, Mr. Chas F. Stiles man a happy address, extending Mr. Levan the warmest congratulations and best wishes of all present. Mr. Levan responded expressing his great gratitude for the happy occasion. An elaborate collation was then partaken of.

Those who had the pleasure of attending this pleasant affair were as follows: Mrs. LeVan's mother and grandmother, Miss Emily LeVan, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Chas. M. Pennell, Mr. & Mrs. Charles F. Stiles, Mr & Mrs. William Fries & daughter, Mr. and Mrs James T. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Higgins, Miss Adelaide Postel, Miss Cora L. Ford Mannie McBride, Miss Emily Hamilton, Mr Joseph E Walls, Mr. John A. Roach, Mr Harry Gunkel, Mr. Edward Metzel, Mr Gabriel Frank.

We an indebted for the above description to one of the invited guests.

On Saturday, March 9th, the "Bake Affair" in the home of Mr. John Tarry, under the auspices of the Delaware County Local Branch for the Benefit of the Doylestown Home, took place. It was most successful, both financially and socially. Twenty dollars and some odd cents were realized from the sale of cakes, pies, candy, etc.

It is formally announced that Miss Florence A. Partington is engaged to Mr. Abram R. Ward, of Ridley Park, Penna.

The following, from the *Frankford Despatch*, February 22d, has reference to the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston, two of our most well known deaf.

The wedding of Miss Viola Lillian Christine and Mr Richard K Craven, of Newton Square, Pa., was largely attended on Wednesday evening at the home of the bride 2939 Hickory street. Miss Anna Houston, of Frankford, was bridesmaid, and William Winchester was best man. A reception followed the ceremony, after which the bride and bridegroom left for an extended tour of the South. Miss Christine is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Christine, a granddaughter of Dr. S. S. K Christine and a niece of Professor Frederick Christine, of the Central High School.

The non-appearance of our letter last week was probobly due to delay in the mail. We regret the disappointment it caused our readers, though we could not help it.

After the Lenten service last Wednesday evening, at All Souls', a meeting of men, who are interested in the Missionary Thank Offering, followed. Ladies were in attendance for the first time. Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett presided, and speeches were made by several men in support of the movement.

Arthur Leroy Swarts, of Claymont, Del., was confirmed by Bishop Coleman, in his private chapel, at Bishopsted, in Wilmington, Del., on Friday, March 8th. A number of the local Wilmington deaf-mutes attended the service, which was interpreted by Mr. Dantzer.

The print-shop of Mr. Geo T. Sanders in Mt. Airy has been enriched by an electric motor, which Mr. Sanders' married sister and her husband thoughtfully presented to him on his birthday recently. Mr. Sanders reports business very good at present, and his many friends wish him continual prosperity.

Sunday, March 10th, was a freak day as regards the weather. The Spring like weather of the previous day had caused many to believe that Jack Frost had departed for good; but, as if repentant, he returned quickly and unexpectedly the next day. The fall of snow lasted nearly all day and was the deepest of the season, we believe. Rev. C. O. Dantzer was the only one who could recall another day like it, because the day was the 15th anniversary of his ordination to the Diaconate in Grace Church, Syracuse, N. Y., March 10th, 1892, was the day. He tells us that on this day there was such a heavy snow-storm that trains were blockaded and in some places for nearly twenty four hours.

Mr. A. J. McGahan, an employe of the Midvale Steel Works, has another rescue to his credit and bravery. On his way to work, last Saturday morning, near the Nicetown Station of the Reading Rail Road, he saw a young man cross the tracks incautiously, before an approaching express train. He ran yelling after him, and the confusion of noises apparently bewildered him, and had not McGahan, who is a tall, muscular fellow, rushed at him and pushed him to safety, he might have met a horrible death. The act was witnessed by fellow-employes who afterwards complimented him.

The Philadelphia Local Branch held a meeting at All Souls' Hall last Saturday evening, March 9th, Chairman Stevens presiding. A feature of the meeting was a short but very interesting lecture on "The American Jew," by Mr. R. M. Ziegler. He brought out many facts not generally known, such as the help given Columbus by a Jew, and a number of other instances in American history. The lecture was well appreciated, and the Jewish deaf present were especially pleased by the tribute to their race.

Miss Nettie Stemple gave a reading of "Graustark" before the Clerc Literary Association last Thursday evening.

Geo. T. Sanders received word of the death of his nephew, Henry Gannett at Harrisburg, last Wednesday, March 6th.

John McClelland, of Newport, Del., was a Sunday visitor at All Souls'.

Henry D Riegel of Riegelsville, Pa., has been visiting here since Monday a week. He returns home on Wednesday of this week.

NEW ENGLAND.

[Any New England News or business for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL may be sent to Geo. C. Sawyer, 93 W. Seldon St., Mattapan, Mass.]

At the urgent request of many friends of the New England Home for Aged Deaf-Mutes, and having secured the consent of the Board of Trustees through President Dixwell, and the Treasurer, Dr. Bishop, Geo. C. Sawyer has decided to give a benefit entertainment for the Home, Wednesday evening, May 29th, and has accoedingly secured Tremont Temple for that occasion. Tremont Temple is located right in the heart of Boston, or within a few minutes' walk from depots, subway stations and hotels, and the place is well-known for political conventions, charity fairs, and big religious meetings.

It will be almost three months before the day comes, so Mr. Sawyer trusts that this announcement will not affect the Patriots' Day Party to be given in aid of the Home, by Mrs. P. S. Bowden, at her home in Beverly, on the 19th of April, and also Mr. E. Acheson's party in Boston, on the 18th of April, and of which particulars I have not received yet.

A benefit entertainment, in aid of a widow and her two children, will be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Farley, 49 Mallet Street, Ashmont, Saturday evening, March 16th. The widow is a well-known lady in society, and has been unfortunate more or less in the way of earning a living for herself and her children since her husband's death. She deserves aid from her friends, many of whom she had helped in many ways in the past, so it is to be hoped the home of the Farleys will be packed from bottom to top, thus securing a sung sum of money for the lady.

I am not at liberty to mention the name of the widowed lady, for she may not wish to be known so publicly as being in distress, but let this announcement together with the good intentions of the Farleys suffice, and one and all should attend, either for a good time or charity's sake. The admission fee will be thirty-five cents each.

Take Adams Street Electric from Dudley Street Station, and get off at Mallet Street.

The latest report came that Rev. S. S. Searing is contemplating a trip to California this fall, and if he finds the climate there beneficial to his health, he will probably live there.

A letter from Edmond Coltura, dated at Trull Hospital, Saco, Me., received last week, indicated that he has the "exaggerated ego," probably as a result of pneumonia which he had recently.

Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes has been troubled more or less with rheumatism in her foot. She was benefitted by several weeks' rest in a visit to her sister on East Newton St., Boston, and returned home at North Cambridge last week.

Rev. Mr. Packard, for the first time in two or three years, will officiate at the Easter services of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, and will have a special programme for that occasion. One feature will be a chorus by the Bigelow and Perry children.

Q. C. S.

OHIO.

Mrs. Thomas McGinness Has Passed Away.

INDEPENDENTS BEATEN.

A Leslie Oren Story.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of M A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

March 9, '07—The JOURNAL had previously noted the illness of Mrs. Thomas McGinness, and it was then thought she would in course of time be about again as usual, but near the noon hour of Sunday, the dreaded summons came unexpectedly, and in a few moments surrounded by those she most loved her spirit passed to its Maker. La grippe followed by pneumonia was the caused of death, thus breaking up a most happy home. Her maiden name was Nellie O'Grace and she was born in Rhode Island, forty-nine years ago, last December, was educated at the Buffalo, New York, School for the Deaf, and in 1881 was married to Mr. Thomas McGinness. Since their marriage they have resided in this city. Four children were born to the union, three sons and one daughter. The youngest child, a son, now seven years old. She was an earnest and devout Christian and as such brought up her children in the way they should go. She was an active member of the Ladies' Aid Society, and labored cheerfully in its interests whenever called upon. The funeral services were held in St. Domincus Church, at 9:30, Wednesday morning, Father Burkley, who ministers to the Catholic deaf at the institution, conducting them in the sign language. Beautiful floral offerings were sent in as marks of sympathy from friends. One large piece, "Gates Ajar" of hyacinths, tulips, carnations, red and white roses, and ferns, from the employes of the Hayden Steward mill, where Mr. McGinness is employed. The Ladies' Aid Society sent a "Broken Circle" of like flowers. The Advance Society a beautiful flower cross. "From deaf friends" came a sheaf of roses, hyacinths, and carnations, and the boys from the corner sent their tribute in the shape of roses and ferns. Mr. and Mrs Atwood and Miss Tacy Hall contributed a sheaf of ferns and roses. There were many others to testify their sympathy by choice exotics of nature.

The pall bearers, all members of the Advance Society, were Messrs. Joseph Neutzling, C. W. Charles, Wm. H. Zorn, Wm. Mayer, Fred. Schwartz and Wm. H. H. Grigsby.

The remains were taken to Cleveland, where they were interred Thursday, in the McGinness burial lot.

Mrs. Governor Harrison, with friends visited the various departments of the institution Wednesday.

The Independents came home late Saturday night rather crestfallen, on account of the defeat sustained in the game with St. Mary's institute of Dayton, the score being 34 to 16. The first half of the game proved close, but in the latter half the Independents seemed to have lost heart and allowed their opponents to run away from then with ease. Quite a number of the Dayton deaf attended the game, even Mr. Aug. Beckert came down from Piqua hoping his smiling countenance would bring sure victory to his pet team, but—well, "nuff sed." Mr. and Mrs. Krouse entertained the boys at supper, a compliment much appreciated.

Mr. John Merchant, of Marion, came down Sunday and mingled with some of his former schoolmates.

The *Evening Dispatch*, in its "Observation" column of Sunday had this:

"Superintendent Jones, of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, told an interesting story concerning Leslie Oren, the blind deaf-mute, who is rivaling Helen Keller in his progress in education. When he had progressed far enough to compose simple sentences and write them on his typewriter, he exercised each day by writing a short diary note. Thus he would write, 'We arose at 5:30 A.M. We washed our faces. We combed our hair. We marched into the dining room and had our breakfast, etc.'"

"It was near the end of March and his teacher, Miss Lyon, explained to him March was at an end, and would come no more for a year; that April was next. Next day he began his diary note as follows: 'We arose at 5:30 A.M., washed our faces and combed our hair. We Mar—no, we Apriled into the dining room, ate our breakfast and Apriled out again.'"

Mrs. Parmeletta Green, of Newark, O., is visiting in Columbus with her sister at East Rich Street. One evening last week she was a victim of a hold up, at corner of Grant Avenue and Town Street. She was on her way to visit a friend residing near the Institution, and when at the intersection of these streets, a big, burly fellow stepped out from behind a tree and grabbed her by the neck, but before doing any more harm he ran off, probably caused by the approach of some one. Mrs. Green was taken to a nearby drug store, were restoratives were applied. She was in a very nervous state, and after recovering made known her trouble and home of her sister to which she was later taken. The facts were made known to the police authorities, but as usual no arrests were made. There have been a number of like cases in the past weeks about the city, but the perpetrators of these acts have escaped capture.

Mrs. Mary Carroll came down from Cleveland, Tuesday, to attend the funeral of her schoolmate and dear friend, Mrs. Thomas McGinness.

Crocker's Horse and Pony Show, under the auspices of the Columbus Newsboys Association, has been giving exhibitions in Memorial Hall the last three days of this week. Yesterday afternoon the school was dismissed at 3:15 o'clock, to give the pupils and teachers an opportunity to see the show. It was certainly an enjoyable treat to the children to witness the performances of these dumb animals, horses, ponies and mules, upon the stage, carrying out orders of their trainer with as much precision as those of higher senses. It is even a better show than that of the educated horse, "Jim"

Half of the old barn is now down, and the yard thereabouts is covered with bricks and timber. The work of demolishing the structure has been an object of interest to all who pass that way, and especially to the pupils. The place just west of the barn has for many years past been used as a baseball diamond by the smaller boys. This too, will have to be given up now entirely.

The latest from Grant Hospital is to the effect that Miss Ada Adair's condition is about as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Tuesday, the Ladies' Aid Society, of which she is a member, sent her a boquet of Easter flowers. Her condition does not yet allow friends to visit her.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

There was a regular meeting at the Y. M C.A. Building on Westminster Street, March 2d, for electing officers for another year. Twenty-five members of Providence and vicinity were present. President McCarthy made a short speech about the future. After it they elected new officers:—President, Fred Curtice; Vice-President, John Lorimer; Secretary, Miss Eva Gill; Treasurer, Fred Egan

Social Committee—John Lorimer (Chairman), Samuel McCarthy, William O'Brien.

Charles Stenham, of Brockton and Edwin C. French were there They will hold a social meeting at John Lorimer's house in a few weeks, on Saturday, only for members.

February 16th, Saturday evening, a Valentine Party was held at the Crescent Hall, on Westminster Street, managed by Misses Eva Gill and Hackett, and Messrs. Fred Curtice and Fred Egan. Games for prizes were played. Ice-cream and cake was served. At midnight all went home.

February 21st, Messrs. William O'Brien, Allen, Misses Grant, Stanton and two others, went to Boston to attend the Levee, and said they had a fair time. Mr. Allen stayed there till Sunday

We have a Deaf-Mute Bowling team. Their names are: Captain Wm. O'Brien, J. Jermyn, Fred Egan, J. Lorimer, C. Courtmache, E. H. French. They challenge the Brockton and Boston Deaf-Mute Bowling teams to play match games, on a Saturday evening. Address, Mr. J. Jermyn, Stewart Street, Providence, R. I.

Charles Stenham has worked in the Geo. Keith's Big Shoe Factory, at Brockton, for twelve years, ever since he came from Stockholm, Sweden. He graduated from school after six years, and learned how to speak the English language. He comes to this city every Saturday to see his friends and goes home Sunday evenings.

There is a regular Sunday service at the Episcopal Church on Matthewson Street, every second Sunday at 2:30 o'clock, in the vestry room. Rev. Mr. Searing of Boston officiates. There were fifteen attendants last time.

John Lorimer had a week's vacation from his jewelry shop for the first time in eleven years, on account of counting stock.

Last month, C. Cheevers, of this city, had two weeks' vacation because of stock taking. He visited Attleboro, Brockton, and other places. He works in the stove factory.

TEDDY.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only one dollar a year.

Prof. F W Boo
1525—35th St

FANWOOD.

The Sixth Male Gives a Good Program.

GOOD WINTER SPORT.

Spring Weather Eagerly Awaited.

The Sixth Male entertained before the Fanwood Literary Association, last Saturday evening in the chapel, at the usual hour, 7:30 P.M. The program was a good one, and does credit to the class. It consisted of one debate, ten readings and one dialogue. After order was called by the Vice-President, the first thing on the program was called for, and each of the readings, and the debate then followed, as they were upon the program. A reading is almost always before the debate, so as to give the audience an "intellectual appetite," after which the debate follows, and gives the judges hard times. Last Saturday evening Misses Lee and Sprague, and Frank Nimmo were appointed as judges by the Vice-President. The program was as follows:

I Reading, "Andy Moore," by Arthur Bailey.

II Debate, *Resolved*, "That water travel is better than railroad travel. Affirmative Side, Albert Downs; Negative Side, Jacob Friedman.

III Reading, "Mr. Turner and the Oranges," by Leopold Frey.

IV Reading, "Courage and Cowardice," by John Lange.

V Reading, "The Hare and the Tar Boy," by Walter Kadel.

VI Reading, "A Brave Little Boy," by John O'Brien.

VII Reading, "The Mischievous Boy," by Oscar Foland.

VIII Reading, "A Brave Italian Boy," by Hubert Lieberz.

IX Reading, "The Auto Race to the Gold Mine in New Mexico," by Hudson G. Wells.

X Reading, "A Wise Monkey," by Albert Downs.

XI Dialogue, "The teacher who had so much trouble with his pupils," by A. Bailey, L. Frey, J. Friedman and C. Weimuth.

The first reading by Arthur Bailey was of an interesting character, and was very much appreciated by the audience. Then for the debate, Cadets Downs and Friedman bared their intellectual arms and tried hard to beat the Gans-Nelson fight in a battle of brains. Sometimes one would be ahead and at other times it would be the opposite. In this way, it was kept up, until the time allowed to each was up. The judges retired at the conclusion of the debate in order to sum up the points of the debaters.

The readings following were all very interesting, but as most of them were in nearly the same strain of narration, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon their readings. The reading of Hudson Wells, being of a different character, needs some attention. One of our "auto fiends" had an excellent book relating to an auto race to a gold-mine in New Mexico and accordingly gave it to Cadet Wells, also an "auto-fiend," to deliver before the Association. When he modestly mounted the platform, his Fanwood chums in motor-dom had no eyes for anything except him. The audience burst into a roar of laughter, when the narrator mentioned how a fly struck the chauffeur in one of the autos, in the face, causing him to shut off the power. This part of the narration was an invention of our "auto fiends" to give a humorous side to his exciting reading, and certainly answered the purpose.

The dialogue was about the same as the one given two weeks ago by the Seventh Male, with a few exceptions. It proved to be highly amusing and kept the audience in roars of laughter. When the program was exhausted, Dr. Fox mounted the platform, and asked the members hereafter not to appear two or three times in the program as it takes up to much time. The meeting was then dismissed.

The skating rink is still in good condition and has very rarely disappointed Fanwood's skaters in having a good time gliding over its glassy surface. But, they would rather have Spring return, and with it baseball and all the other spring games. Several times it snowed last week to the disgust of the baseball fans, while the skaters made the most of it by shoveling the snow off the ice and indulging in merry times.

During the past week the battalion has been practicing the manual of arms in the gymnasium in the morning before it is time for school. The field music also has been busy and hope to make a good show at the 71st Regiment Armory at 34th Street and Park Avenue.

The Fanwood Base Ball Team is anxiously awaiting the coming of Spring and the departure of Winter. They will have to practice hard when the winter leaves, if it leaves late this year. All of the dates have been filled.

Dr. Charles A. Leale, Chairman of the Committee of Instruction, visited all the classes on Thursday.

C. L.

Uncle Sam's Print Shop.

One of the principal attractions to visitors coming to Washington, and one of the most attractive, is that of the government printing office.

The building is on North Capitol Street, between G and H Streets. It is seven stories high, built of stone and brick. It contains eight acres of floor space and is said to be fireproof. This may be correct; but there is so much imflammable material within that no one is allowed to smoke inside of the building. Moreover, the atmosphere is changed throughout the entire plant every seven minutes. It is said to be the largest printing office in the world and cost the government $2,400,000.

In this establishment the government employs 4,100 people, of whom 1,000 are women. They use daily thirteen tons of paper and 300 pounds of printer's ink. There are 129 printing presses in use. One large press while we were there was printing the year book for the agricultural department and was to print 100,000 copies of this book. The press was a self-feeder and was running off from 1,100 to 1,500 sheets per hour.

The office turns out 2,000,000 printed books and pamphlets per year. The payroll is $82,000 per week. Pay days are Mondays and Tuesdays. One half of the employes are paid one week and the other half the following week.

When Congress is in session this office prints 26,000 copies of the *Congressional Record* daily. They begin the printing of this record at 11 o'clock P.M. and at 8 A.M. they are ready for delivery. Each member of Congress is entitled to 59 copies of the Congressional Record. These are sent free through the mail under their frank to their constituents "where it will do the most good"—to them

The members of Congress are by law allowed to send all their mail matter free. Their name on the envelope or article exempts that article from postage. There are in this Government Printing Office two presses which are constantly employed during the session of Congress in printing envelopes with the frank of the members upon them. They print from ten to twenty thousand of these franked envelopes per hour. This franking privilege can be greatly abused. Members of Congress have been known to send their dirty linen home under a frank, to be washed.

At the close of a session of Congress members will have a beautiful cedar chest or trunk made by government carpenters sent home full of articles free of postage, using or abusing their franking privilege. I know one Congressman who sent an entire carload of all sorts of government books and records to his town for the postmaster to distribute to that Congressman's constituents to assist in his re-election. He was certainly re-elected. That entire carload came as mail matter, and each package had on it the Congressman's frank.

We saw an automatic press in operation printing registry cards, and on which weather bureau cards are also printed. A large roll of cardboard nearly two feet in width is placed on the press. The machine cuts the board into strips, prints them on both sides and cuts them into a size a little smaller than a postal card, at the rate of 8,000 to 10,000 per hour. These cards are sent all over the country to postmasters on which they are required to make returns.

Every act passed by Congress is printed in this office. After the required number of copies have been printed the last copy is printed on parchment or sheepskin. This copy goes to the house when the speaker signs it; then to the senate, where the vice-president signs it; then it is signed by the clerk of the house and then carried to the president for his signature. When that is attached it becomes operative as law. This sheepskin copy is kept in the archives of the government forever. The last copy is preserved so no one can change the type and so change the act.

In this building there are in operation 171 type setting machines, of which forty-eight are linotype. There are 112 Lanson monotype machines. These are not much large than a good-sized typewriter, and like that, operated by a keyboard. This wonderful machine makes its own type, sets it up all ready for the printing press. It is all compact, yet so complete as to be a marvel of human ingenuity. There are twenty-three ruling machines in use. Most ruling machines rule the paper first and then print, but these machines rule after the printing is completed.

In the bindery department there are eighteen wire sitching machines. These stitch the pamphlets and documents that need no binding. There are five perforating machines and six numbering machines. These number the pages of blank books and other articles that can not be numbered while passing though the press. There are twenty Martinie sewing machines. These big machines have reach twenty-four needles and an entire sheet or folio is sewed by one movement of the machine. A cute little machine is used for trimming the leather tips for the corner of book covers. The knife of this little joker makes 6,200 revolutions per minute.

Gold leaf in large quantites is used in labeling, numbering and ornamenting the covers of books. For this purpose alone the government uses annually about $10,000 worth of gold. As treasure this is dead loss, as it is or never can be gathered up again. Each gilder in this department is furnished with a ball of soft rubber about the consistency of stiff dough. With this soft rubber the surplus gold leaf is wiped off from the book corners and is absorbed by the rubber. When the rubber has become loaded with the gold, it is melted and the gold extracted therefrom. These rubbers will each yield from ten to thirty dollars worth of pure gold.

The Government has installed in this plant eight marine boilers, heated by twelve fireplaces. Twenty-four tons of hard coal are consumed daily. These boilers supply steam for the running of four immense dynamos of 800 horse power each; two dynamos are kept in reserve. These dynamos make 200 revolutions per minute. They furnish all the electric power for the running of the machinery and the lighting of 7,000 incandescent lamps. There are thirteen elevators, three for freight and ten for passengers.

With the large number of employes and so much machinery it is almost impossible to avoid accidents. Anticipating this the government has a room on the door of which is a red cross, indicating that it is an emergency hospital. Here is an operating table, surgical instruments, bandages, medicines and every appliance requisite to his removal to his home or a regular hospital. A surgeon is always at hand.

During the session of Congress the printing office is in operation day and night. The relays work only eight hours. After Congress adjourns, the office is only run by day of eight hours time. We are indebted to H E. Terry, who acted as our courteous and intelligent conductor through the building for nearly two hours.—*Rockford Register Gazette.*

Hollywood Fraternity
of Deaf-Mutes.

SMOKER
AND ENTERTAINMENT
IN THE
COUNCIL ROOM
Grand Opera House
309 West 23d St., Cor. 8th Ave.
Saturday Evening, April 13th,
EIGHT O'CLOCK.
Tickets, - - 50 cents
FIRST CLASS FUN.

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A Grand Reception
TENDERED
Rev. J. Chamberlain, D.D.
on the
35th Anniversary of his Ministry to the Deaf
at
St. Mark's Chapel
Adelphi St., near DeKalb Ave.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Wednesday, May 29th, 1907
AT 8 P.M.
TICKETS. - 50 CENTS EACH
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Package Party
WIFL BE GIVEN BY
THE BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES
AT
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Adelphi St., Cor. DeKalb and Willoughby Aves.
Thursday Evening, April 18th.
Doors open at 7.30 o'clock
Each person coming to our party without a package, will be charged 15 cents for admission

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ENTERTAINMENT
IN AID OF THE
New England Home for Aged Deaf-Mutes
AT
Tremont Temple
82 Tremont St.
BOSTON
Wednesday Evening, May 29.
[Full particulars later.]

EXHIBITION DRILL
Review and Parade
BY THE
Cadets from the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb
AT THE
Annual Company Dance of Co. I, 71st Regiment
34th Street and Park Avenue
MARCH 16th, 1907, at 8.15 o'clock
Tickets admitting Gentleman and Lady, 50 cents
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ALSO A
Preliminary Game
—AT—
Dr. Savage's Gymnasium
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Saturday, April 6th, 1907
Admission, 25 cts. Doors open 7.30
A Handsome Silver Loving Cup will be Presented to the Winner.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
Silent Churchman
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With the improved facilities at his command, the publisher hopes to make
Silent Churchman
bigger, better and brighter. Several new departments will be added during the year 1907, which will increase the value of the magazine to its readers. Sketches of prominent laymen will be published regularly. Items from the various mission districts will occupy a separate page. Short sermons on live topics will be a prominent feature. The usual correspondence from the mission fields will be continued, and we hope with more regularity than heretofore.
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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about $30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

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